



The Story Without Exclamation



👁 271 ✓ 46 ★ 28

Chapter 1 by Eloise

We're going to write a story. It's going to be SO exciting and SO intense. Except it'll seem less intense than usual.

Because nobody is allowed to use any exclamation points. EVER. AT ALL.

If you see a draft with exclamation points, do NOT vote for it. If somebody does, then IT'S GOING DOWN. No pressure.

So here goes. The incredibly exciting story about an amazing girl of twelve who does amazing things.

! is hereby BANNED from EVER appearing in this story.

!

Ahem...

!!

What is this?

!!!

HEY, STOP THAT!

See more of Story Wars

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Whoops. I need some practice, huh?

Yeah, question marks are still allowed, don't worry.

Let's go!

Whoops.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



She was twelve. Why? Because twelve years ago, she was born.

No one could remember quite the details of her birth. In fact, even her parentage was something of lore.

Some said she was delivered to the doorstep of the town elder on a stormy night. Others said she had grown from a batch of wild watermelon growing in the cellar of Lady Wynn. Others claimed, (stranger still) that the girl was simply a phenomenon caused by mass hysteria; that she did not exist at all but was a psychological projection of the town's yearning collective psyche.

For you see, not a single child had been birthed in the town beside from her in thirty years.

Chapter 3 by KlausBaudelaire



She had no parents that anyone knew of. She had no siblings, and due to the whispers around the town centered on her mysterious existence, and the fact that there was no one her age within fifty miles of the town, she had no friends.

But she was fine with that. After twelve years of being alone, she was used to the solitude.

Still, that didn't make the ridicule any easier to handle.

"You're a witch, you are. A damned witch." An old, wizened woman pointed a finger at her while she was walking to school. "You didn't come out of any of my watermelons. They would never have produced such a vile thing."

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School only emphasized her solitude. She walked to school under the gazes of the entire town. Since she was the only person that still required schooling, a new school had been made just for her. The teacher was thirty-one years old, the last person to be born in the town before she came along. He was also the only person that was nice to her.

She reached the schoolhouse, which was one room and painted entirely red. However, she hesitated at the door. Usually Gregor opened the door before she touched the doorknob, greeting her and inviting her in. This time she was met with only silence. Something felt wrong.

The door creaked open, which had never bothered her before today. It was eerily quiet. The schoolhouse was empty, and Gregor was nowhere to be found. Confused, she ran outside, and saw that the townspeople were slowly approaching the schoolhouse. His familiar face wasn't one of the many that were now staring at her.

She considered running, but she also wanted to know where Gregor was, so she decided to stand her ground and see what they all wanted.

Once they had all reached the schoolhouse, and formed what she recognized as a suspicious circle around her, the town spokesperson stepped forward and spoke.

"You have lived in this town for twelve long years, girl. We had an impromptu town meeting, and decided that you have intruded upon our hospitality long enough. We do not know where you came from, and it is unreasonable to ask us to take care of you any longer."

Her heart started beating faster. Should she be excited that she was leaving the town? Maybe she would find somewhere else where she was accepted. Somewhere she could live happily, and not be judged for existing. But there was something she needed to know, first.

"Where's Gregor?"

Lady Wynn laughed, wheezy and sinister. "Oh, wouldn't you like to know?"

The world froze. Surely, they hadn't

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Lady Wynn went on. "He was the only one like you. I had seen you, you know. Crazy man. I don't know why we kept him."

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The girl felt pressure pushing down onto her chest. Had they just let him leave peacefully? Was Lady Wynn simply trying to scare her? The girl opened her mouth to ask if Gregor was truly all right, but the town spokesperson shushed her and continued.

"However, we do not imagine that other towns will feel differently about you. You are a pestilence, and we do not feel it would be right of us to push you onto them. We are, after all, ethical people."

The girl noticed that the townspeople had been slowly advancing towards her throughout this conversation, like dogs before going in for the kill. This can't be happening, she thought. I mean, they've never really liked me, but this... this is too drastic.

"Are you—" She gulped. "Are you going to kill me?" She put her hands behind her back so they wouldn't see them shaking.

Lady Wynn let loose her wheezy laugh again, then looked her dead in the eyes.

"We'll do whatever's necessary."

Chapter 4 by LethalPianist



She wanted to scream. To shout. To exclaim her rage and sadness and desperation and disbelief at the townspeople.

"..."

She couldn't find her voice. The townspeople edged closer and closer, their shadows overlapping each other. The smiles on their faces stretched and split up their faces. Lady Wynn seemed almost manic, as she couldn't contain her glee at having the chance to finally unleashing her wrath at the little girl.

They no longer looked like people. Their bloodlust washed over them, becoming monsters in human clothing.

"h-h-help me.." the little girl whimpered

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"s-s-s-somebody.."

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Chapter 5 by mataldi



She closed her eyes and wept.

She wanted to disappear from the very spot she was standing on, yet she hoped for Gregor to show. He was always present. He should be here any minute, she thought. But Lady Wynn's words made her cry.

thud... thud... thud...

What was that? Where did it came from?

It sounded like someone was walking on a wooden floor.

Everyone went silent. One thought entered her mind.

She opened her eyes. They seem to be baffled by the noise. Everyone had his attention on the schoolhouse. She stood still. She knew the room was empty, for she had checked it. But what could be the cause of the sound. Could it be the wind blowing? But there is not even a wind. A rat perhaps?

Nevertheless, the spokesperson went to check inside. But as he was halfway toward the door, a ball rolled out, going to a stop as it touched his feet. The women gasped. Indistinct mumbles followed.

He picked up the ball and examined it. It was new.

Not knowing what to do with it, he looked at Lady Wynn.

"That's not a watermelon, my dear." said the lady.

She turned her head to the girl. "Now, where were we?" she asked with a devilish grin.

The poor little girl began sweating. All eyes were on her, but the spokesperson's eyes were fixated on the door.

thud... thud... thud...

This time it was louder, and it was nearer.

See more of Story Wars

They waited for a minute.

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"Show yourself!"

Came out, was a small boy, about three years old. All was stunned. He examined the crowd, his cheeks raised with a smile, and pointed to the spokesperson.

"The ball, please."

Chapter 6 by Katherine Sun



The crowd was murmuring amongst themselves. Another strange occurrence. Another bad omen.

Lady Wynn was speechless. Her lips moved up and down but made no sound. Lady Wynn's hands shook, and that was when the little girl realized.

She wasn't afraid of them. They were afraid of her.

She laughed and everyone flinched. She never laughed so hard in her life; it hurt her stomach to let out such a boisterous sound. The townspeople backed away. The spokesman even threw the ball back at the boy and scampered into the crowd.

The little boy didn't understand what was going on, but apparently seeing her laugh made him happy. He began to laugh too, as though there was an inside joke only the two of them knew.

The girl didn't even care anymore. Who was she trying to please the last 12 years of her life?

What a waste of time.

She turned to Lady Wynn, who suddenly looked more fragile than the old woman had in the 12 years the girl knew her. "Lady Wynn," the girl spoke calmly now, "I'll be leaving now." The little girl glared daggers suddenly. The old woman squeaked and fell on the ground. No one helped her up. "Don't follow me if you value your worthless life."

The girl promptly turned around and left, never looking back. She kept walking until her feet blistered. The sky was darkening into its orange sunset hues. Only then did the girl stop the rest

Only then did she realize the little... See more of Story Wars... time. Surprised, she gave him a once-over. The little boy... can... a play?"

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She laughed. It couldn't possibly hurt to have a companion on her new journey. "Sure," she said. "By the way, what's your name?"

He smiled, and his words made her blood run cold. His beautiful smile now seemed hauntingly similar. That dimple, those eyes...

"My name's Gregor."

Chapter 7 by Comp Som "CS" Anichi



She was taken aback for a moment, but she tried to take it all in. Maybe she was imagining it. Her thirty year old teacher has turned into a three year old toddler; just the sound of it was weird enough. But there was no mistaking that smile; as it was the only warmth given to her the past twelve years.

But as they threw the ball back and forth, the girl threw questions to him along with it.

"You don't remember me do you?" Anna asked as she threw the ball. No one was around and the streets were empty. All kept to their houses, afraid of the girl and her companion.

Gregor answered, "Nope, not at all. What's your name again?" He passed the ball back.

"Anna; so what do you remember?"

"I don't remember much except waking up on a stone floor (probably the central office, Anna mused). I think I must have shocked them-I met two men outside and they saw me. The other guy with a striped hat dropped this ball while he was running away. Anyways, I started playing by myself when I threw the ball a wee bit hard and it bounced over a gate. And then I found you, and now we're here." When he said the last word, he threw the ball a bit too far to the right.

A crash.

The two ran to the source of the sound. Once they arrived, they stood in front of a small, two-story house. Gregor's last name was carved on the nameplate at the gate.

See more of Story Wars

"Isn't this your house? Can you guide?" Anna asked. She hoped if they were to set off on a journey they would probably find a way to the city.

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Gregor, in response, did a little "a-ha" and grabbed into his shirt and pulled out a key that was hanging on a chain around his neck.

"Let's see if the key fits then." Gregory waved the key.

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"Find two bags and bring them here." Anna told Gregor, urging him to be fast. While Gregory looked around, poking stuff he could reach, Anna noticed an open brown leather journal opened on one of the desks and went to look at it. It was Gregor's journal. Putting down the bag she was packing, she took a look.

"-decided to take a risk and try to convince the town one last time for me to leave along with her to Rassyortow. It was the only place with children left. Although I know they'll try to stop me. I was the last one to drink it, and only for my knowledge in alchemy did they allow me to be with her. Now, I do not know what will happen. Time will tell if the key fits."

"The Lorry-" Anna felt an impatient tug at her sleeve which disrupted her reading. "What is it, Gregor?"

"I just remembered, the Lorry's about to leave!"

--

There was no way out of the country except by the delivery train. And it only came every 12 years, bring goods across the neighboring towns. Other than the Lorry, there was no other way out. Now Anna and Gregor had to catch it.

Night was falling; the two ran across the field, the train in sight.

"The Lorry-" Gregor panted. Anna caught a glimpse of the conductor's striped hat before it disappeared behind the driver's cart. The train was starting to move.

Anna yelled for the train to wait, but only the train's whistle answered.

Gregor was able to jump up onto the train and reached out to Anna.

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The train sped up.

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Just a few inches apart, their hands stretched out to one another, reaching out.

"Greg-

Chapter 8 by Comp Som "CS" Anichi



A week earlier.

"I just-ok, I give up. What's the solution, Gregory?"

"Try thinking in a different angle."

Gregory was standing in front of his desk, holding up a book on one hand, and leaning on the table with the other. On his desk were a pile of books, a water dispenser, and an apple which Anna brought this morning for him.

Anna was holding a clear glass bottle, inside it was a small ball. She looked at the bottle, tilted her head, then It was class time, yet what were they doing solving puzzles?

Since Anna was the only child left in the village, Gregory had no problem on lectures. Anna was a bright child, so she soon learned all of the material. To add stuff to do, Gregory decided to add puzzle solving to their curriculum. Sometimes there were logic puzzles he would write on the board. Other times, he would bring in things; last week he brought four matchsticks, arranged them in a cross and told Anna to only move one to creat four.

This time, the problem was to take something out of the bottle without touching the bottle.

"Remember, there are many keys to the solution. You just have to find which one fits."

"That's very helpful," Anna remarked boredly. "Because surely we carry many keys to unlock our front door."

"Ahem, it's just a saying. Although I for one, do have many keys to my front door."

"Isn't that because you change the lock every week?"

See more of Story Wars

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"Hey, Gregory."

"What is it-oh-" He gasped surprised as Anna flipped the table sending the bottle flying towards him. "Ooff" He dropped the book and caught the bottle, but with the opening faced down, so the ball fell out onto the ground. it rolled to where Anna was standing. She picked it up, and grinned.

Gregory stood stunned for a momment, then laughed. "Honestly, you do find unusual solutions." He laughed again, and this time Anna joined him.

"I honestly thought you would use water. But this works too."

"Was that the solution? Well, you didn't say not to touch the desk"

"A valid point I suppose," Gregory set down the bottle. " Although what would have happened if I didn't catch it that way?"

"I didn't think about it. But, you said there are many keys, so I ought to try one anyway."

"Heh, I suppose with that crazy mind of yours, you'll be able to think your way out of any problem."

Present

"Greg, hand me **pant** the key." Anna panted.

Gregory was confused, but his faced lit up a moment later as he got it. He withdrew his hand and removed the necklace around his neck. Holding the other end, he tossed the key part to Anna. Anna grabbed it and jumped.

The rope snapped in mid-air, but when it did, Gregory pulled her in. Anna smashed into him, sending them both inside the train's back dood. But they were both at the landing. They were safely on the train. They did it!

The train moved forward along as snow fell lightlv. The two sat for a while, catching their breath. Silence reigned for a while until-

See more of Story Wars

"Greg," the boy said. Anna

"You called me Greg a wh

Anna tried to apologize. "Oh sorry I"

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"I like it, sounds, more like me." He smiled.

He stood up and brushed himself off. "Well then, looks like we're going to be stuck together for a while. And while I am Gregory, I am also not (since I don't remember anything). So," He extended a hand. "Call me Greg from now on. Nice to meet you, Ms. Anna."

Anna smiled and took his hand as they stood, facing forward. The sun was slowly setting on the horizon. The day has ended, but their day was just beginning.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Answers will be answered next time on the sequel, "The Story Without Question Marks".

the end

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